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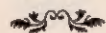
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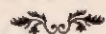
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THE STUDENT'S PEN

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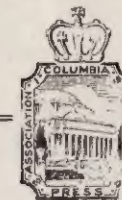
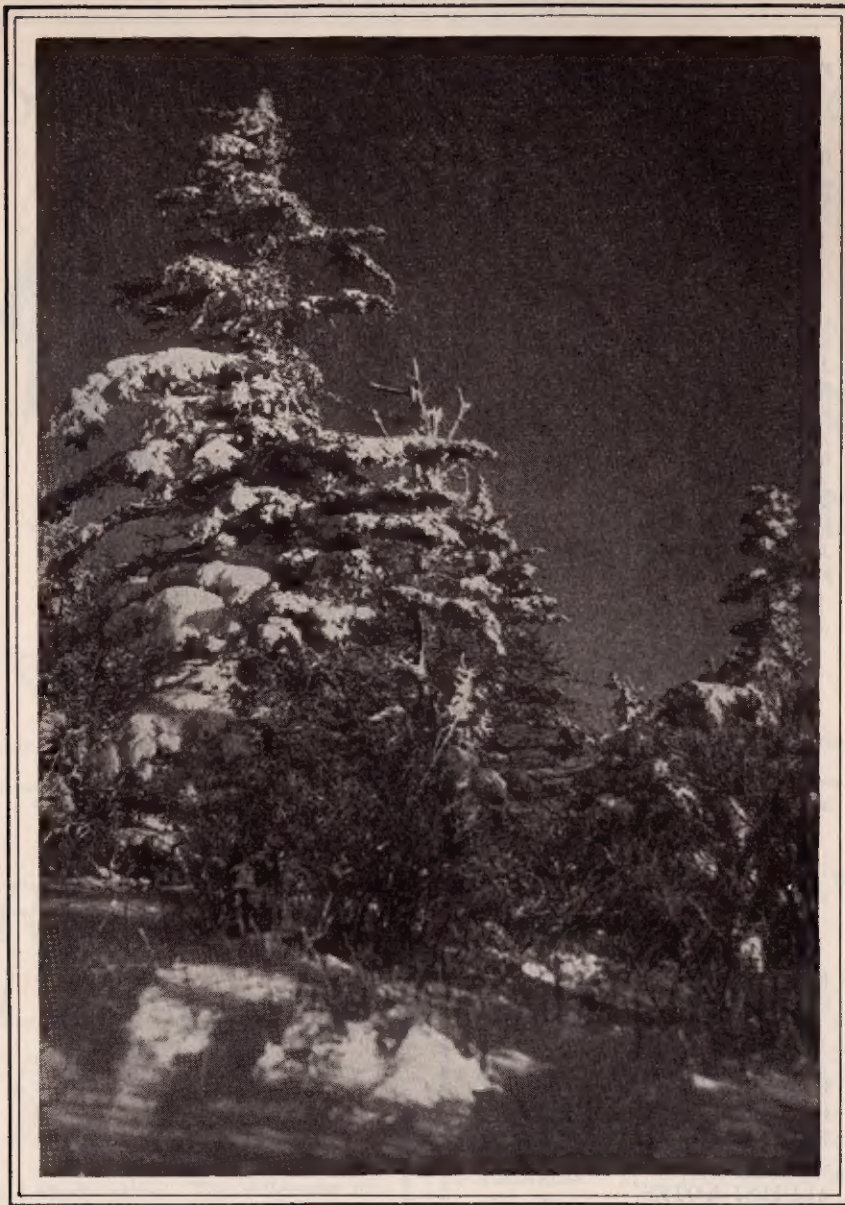


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Cold Night

Tall pines stood motionless, as if the air
Which flowed around them froze and fixed them there.
The artless moon with curious face and bold
Held birds bewitched and watched them die with cold.
White snow fields stared with tired credulity
At stiff blue skies which watched indifferently.
The whole world lay and neither saw nor knew
'Till one small ray of sunlight melted thru.

Betty Hulsman '28



Scholarship

Scholarship is never the measure of man's power.—J. G. Holland.

EVER since man has used his mental faculties in the pursuit of knowledge, the word "scholarship" has had a place in his language, for the true meaning of the word is the student's attitude toward his work. Man cannot study without some sort of feeling for what he is doing. Whether this feeling is pleasant or unpleasant, uplifting or discouraging, it is his scholarship. We are all born with different grades of capacity for doing things. We in high school are not all capable of making the honor or the credit lists, although we may excel in other lines. Yet we are all capable of an appreciative attitude toward school work and of an attempt to live up to the best that is in us.

There are many words capable of a rich, full meaning, but which, through wrong associations, come to have a narrow, unworthy interpretation. You will admit that the word "scholarship" has been over-used and you may be so tired of hearing it, that whatever meaning it may have held for you has been worn thin. Sometimes, however, a little thought will give an entirely new aspect and a greater value to a worn out subject.

Unfortunately, since the marking system has come to hold such an important place in the modern schools, the idea that the best marks possible are the sole aim of the student, has become associated in the minds of many students with the word "scholarship". But since scholarship is the learner's attitude, it precedes marks and cannot be identified with them. Marks are only a convenient means of measurement. The thing for which we must strive is something bigger than what the report cards show. It is "the something" which makes the school what it is. Naturally, in any school where work is regarded as a pleasure rather than as an arbitrary imposition, there is bound to be a feeling of closer relationship to the school and its interests that will bind the students together. There will exist that much-sought-after but elusive thing called "school spirit."

Surely, there is room for much improvement along this line in our own school. Would it not be helpful and interesting to try thinking about it in this new way and see what it can accomplish for us in the way of a new brand of school spirit?

When the deficiencies come out this month, don't blame the teacher or throw your warning aside with an "I don't care". Stop just long enough honestly to answer your own question, "Have I done all that I am capable of doing?" If your verdict is negative, the measure of your self-respect depends upon what steps you take to raise the standard of your work and in raising your own standard, you are doing your part in raising the scholarship of "your school."

The Editor

Our Thanks to the Lions Club

On December 28, 1927, the Lions Club of Pittsfield, for the third consecutive year, tendered our football team a banquet, and this year it was again put over in a very successful manner. During the evening the following men spoke and each commended our football teams of the past and present for the fine brand of sportsmanship they have always displayed: Principal R. M. Strout, Rev. Eugene F. Marshall, director of athletics at St. Joseph's High School, Rev. Kenneth D. Beckwith, pastor of the Pilgrim Memorial Church, Dr. John, F. Gannon, Coach Carmody, William Root, and Harry Hogan, director of athletics at the Berkshire school in Sheffield. At the conclusion of his speech, R. S. McCraw, in behalf of the North Adams Chamber of Commerce, presented Pittsfield High School with a handsome silver cup for having carried off the honors in football this year.

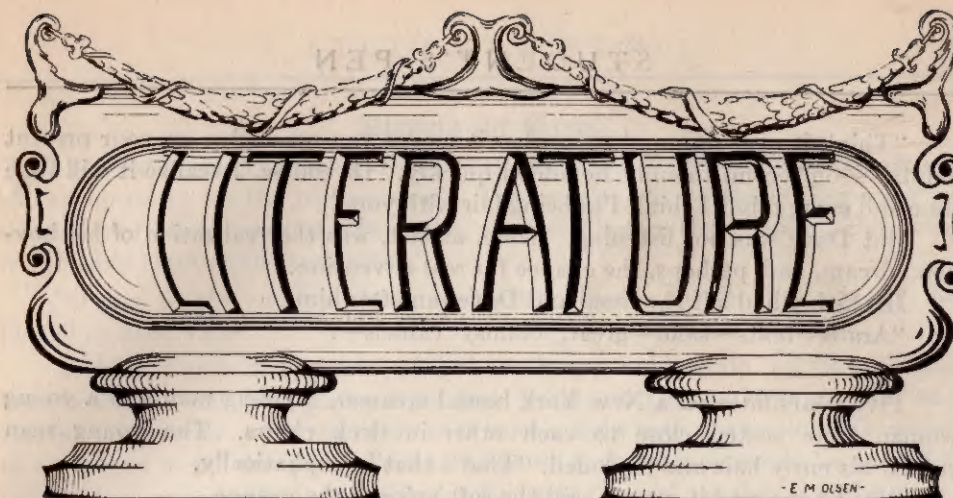
The Lions Club is probably the most progressive organization of its kind in the city and the most interested in the welfare of the city's future citizens. Early last year they endeavored to begin securing the funds with which to buy and equip a public recreation field. The first step was the "Lions Frolic" at the Colonial Theater where an enjoyable entertainment was successfully presented. This winter the proceeds from the Amherst Glee Club Concert at the Masonic Temple were put into the fast growing fund.

In addition to these programs they have come to the front and shown the members of the P. H. S. football teams by giving them a banquet at the close of each season, that there is someone who appreciates their efforts on the gridiron. The fellows are all close backers of the Lions Club and are willing to aid them in any project that they begin for the purpose of raising money for the recreation field. Enough praise cannot be given this group of local men and the school wishes to take this opportunity to thank them for their supreme effort in doing what they have done for our teams and what they have planned to do for the children of the city.

Not Always

I shall not always laugh, not always sing,
Nor waken early with the dream-fed dawn;
The cold wind, which is now a joyous thing,
I shall not always love; the great sun's light,
Burning the frozen sky to glowing dawn,
Sometime to my dull eyes will not seem bright.
For sometime I shall be still and remember,
When the days grow long and lose their mad delight
And the fire of life has burned to a useless ember!

Elizabeth Seaver



"Speed"

WAVERLY is a picturesque little town nestled at the foot of a great mountain and hemmed in by a great river. Besides a two-story department store and an Opera House, Waverly boasted a former senator in the person of Colonel David Waverly, whose ancestors had founded the fast-expanding little town. Colonel Waverly had an only son, David Jr., who was a constant source of worry to him. Dave had been nicknamed "Speed" by his friends at college, which name suited him perfectly. To him it was a sort of satisfaction to go tearing down Main Street in his Ford and have people turn around and say, "There goes 'Speed' Waverly." To understand that this was not wholly egotism on Dave's part we should know a little more about that young man himself.

Dave had a keen delight in action and adventure. Ever since he had seen his first moving picture, a real thriller, Dave had made up his mind that it was alertness of body as well as mind that counted. His mind was being developed at college—or so he surmised, so he could devote all his time to develop *speed*,—which he did to perfection.

Colonel Waverly did not object to his son's "wild antics," so long as he kept within the law and passed in all his subjects at college. But when Dave returned home for the summer vacation with the unfavorable report that he had failed in two subjects, he knew he was "in for it". To his surprise, his mother and father met him at the station as though he had been a hero returning from battle. For two weeks he basked in his parent's favor, having a wonderful time—in short—doing as he pleased. But daily he feared the interview which must inevitably come—and the sooner the better, he thought.

Then one morning Dave was aroused from peaceful slumber by a servant who bade him dress immediately and report to his father in the library. Dave still half asleep, ruffled his hair unmercifully and mumbled between yawns, "Well, anyhow, that will soon be over with".

"Dave, for two weeks you have done just as you chose. I haven't interfered with any of your plans. I didn't want to say anything to you until I was sure.—But Dave, here's the point. Do you think if I were to give you three months abroad, any place you choose, that you could come back ready to work?"

Colonel Waverly paused thoughtfully. Thought Dave—"The Sahara—Arabs—tents—sand—" aloud, "Gee, Dad, you bet I could."

"Think it over son, and remember it means you must give up your present habits,"—on second thought he added quickly, "Of course, I realize it will take time and energy, but I think I'm being fair with you."

But Dave was not listening. Here, at last, was the realization of his boyhood dream, and, perhaps, the chance for real adventure.

His father had left the room and Dave ran after him.

"Arabs—tents—sand—great, clumsy camels—."

* * * *

Five years later on a New York bound steamer, a young man and a young woman were seated close to each other in deck chairs. The young man ruffled his curly hair and exploded, "That's that", emphatically.

"Do let me read it, now," said the soft voice of the woman.

So a large envelope changed hands. From it the young woman extracted several closely written sheets of paper. Settling more comfortably in her chair, she began to read.

"Then I decided that I couldn't live in the United States again after the three glorious months of sand and camels and adventure so I joined the Foreign Legion. When they told me that under no circumstances could I be dismissed before my five year term was up, I was overjoyed. Five years on the desert! It was wonderful—until the novelty wore off.

First, they sent me to a garrison, located far out in the sea of sand."

Here the girl skipped three pages of reports on battles, raids on the fort, and narrow escapes from desert bandits, all of which she knew by heart. Then the thread of the story was taken up again.

"One day, about a month before my self-imposed sentence, was up, I was patrolling the oasis on which the garrison was situated. I had just reached the outer edge and was about to turn back when the sound of shots arrested my attention. A woman's piercing scream rang across the dunes. Giving the alarm, I raced toward the spot where white puffs of smoke floated upward. A number of the boys joined me and we soon reached a hollow in the dunes where a party of tourists, bound for the garrison, had been attacked by bandits. As we galloped up, the bandits fled and, their horses being fleetier than ours, and the tourist party, safe, it was useless to follow them. We escorted the tourists to the fort. I was later assigned to guard a young lady, (here a smile flitted over the face of the young woman who was reading), during the visit. She was Marjorie Ward, who, since the death of her father, the explorer, had been wandering aimlessly here and there, and who found the desert as fascinating as I had at first. We found that we had many tastes in common, and now, at the end of my service, she is coming home with me. Mr. and Mrs. David Waverly, Jr. will come home to you and Mother, Friday, the sixth, on the three-fifty train.

Home, home, home, the engines seem to sing it. How wonderful to be there again! Dad, I've had enough adventure, I'm cured of speed, though it did come in handy now and then, and I'm ready to settle down. By the way, would you, I wonder, consider changing the name of your firm to "Waverly and Son"?

Love to Mother from both of us

Devotedly,

Dave.

Marie Hill

Playing the Game

IT was the night of the annual senior play and the school had turned out almost en masse to see the performance. The buzz of talk suddenly died away as the figure of Miss Carey, the directress, appeared before the curtain. Her voice rang clearly through the auditorium.

"Owing to the sudden illness of Martin Hunter the leading role will be played by Jack Vane."

As Miss Carey disappeared behind the heavy red curtain, an excited hum broke out. It was well known that Jack Vane and Gladys Menton, who was playing the heroine, were sworn enemies since a fight over a sorry-looking canine at some time in the dim past. Voices whispered that the play would be good, for neither Jack nor Glad had ever missed a chance to "queer" the doings of the other. It was like putting a strange cat and dog together and expecting them to agree.

While the audience conjectured about the outcome of the change in program, the nervous actors, uncomfortable in the unaccustomed makeup, peered anxiously through the curtain at the growing audience and nearly drove to distraction an already frantic directress, who was pleading with the two enemies, who steadfastly refused to play opposite one another.

"But the curtain is about to go up; you must go on," pleaded Miss Carey. "Let it go up; I won't play," shrilled Gladys, glaring at Jack, who returned the glance with interest. Suddenly the desperate directress, grasping each by a shoulder, whirled the two toward a cabinet in which two silver trophies, won by the football and basketball teams, were on exhibition.

"You've got to go on and do your best," said Miss Carey tensely. "You've got to! Forget your quarrel and immerse your personalities in that of your school. The boys who won those trophies did. Now you must."

A short silence ensued, then Jack growled, "Well, I'll do it. The rest is up to Miss Menton."

"All right," assented Glad.

"Thank you, I knew you would," said Miss Carey briskly. "Every body ready? All right—places—lights—curtain!"

The surprised whispering out front died away, the footlights blossomed out and the curtain rose on the senior play of 1928.

A door creaked, the scenery wobbled dangerously, and a fiercely mustached, piratical-looking character attempted to wedge his padded girth through an opening almost too small. Having managed this difficult feat he advanced to center stage where Gladys and Jack sullenly awaited his speech but—it didn't come. The shiny, red face assumed an expression of surprise, blank despair, strained complaisance as a hissing sound issued from behind the flats.

"Top-o' the marnin' to ye my son", rumbled his tardy voice, and the first bridge was safely crossed. As the play progressed, the chief actors, forgetting their enmity in the fun of the work, smiled and laughed through their parts. Together they walked off the stage at the end of the act, laughing heartily at the awkward moment they had experienced when the fierce mustache of the "character" had fallen off at a time when he most needed its support. They did not

realize their lapse until they saw the smiling regard of the directress, bent upon them. Thereafter, during the ten-minute wait, they treated each other with icy courtesy.

Act two portrays a dairy in "Old Ireland" where the pretty Mistress Peggy, alias Gladys Menton, shapes golden yellow pats of butter. A mantel at the back holds an old pair of scales; a time-worn, weathered churn graces one corner and on the center table the carefully wrapped pats of butter piled up. A knock comes at the door. Peggy's singing stops long enough for her to call, "Come in."

'Marnin' Peggy,' A smiling face peeks in at the door and Jack comes upon the scene. Peggy, busy patting butter, chides him for his laziness, to which the young man replies that he is looking for a job and hopes she'll help him out. After long persuasion he finally succeeds in making her order him to sweep the steps. A pause, while the two look frantically about for a broom that should be there and isn't. They look at each other in amazement. Jack draws a long breath, and with his eyes begging Peggy to back him up, launches forth.

"Shure now, Peggy, I can't swape the steps without a broom, can I?" A breathless moment of anxiety for him and for the frantic directress before Peggy's voice rings out, "And is it that ye think I kape the broom in me pocket? Go lang wid ye now, 'tis on the steps where it should be." The broom is recovered without the audience guessing that anything is amiss and the act draws to a triumphant close.

Miss Carey thanked the two who had saved the day but who had apparently come to no better understanding through the incident.

The last act, untangling the threads of the plot went smoothly and well, finishing in a blaze of glory, three curtain calls being demanded by an enthusiastic audience.

The school orchestra played a march as the chattering groups left the auditorium, wondering to each other at the way in which the enemies had behaved.

"Whee! I was on pins and needles expecting something to happen, but it didn't," said one disappointed voice.

"Never knew Glad to miss such a chance before, but you never can tell," was the answer.

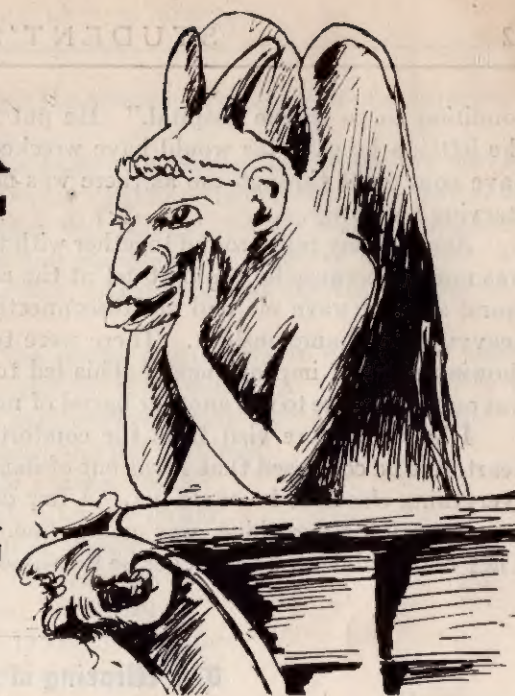
Meanwhile the rejoicing actors congratulated one another on the success of the play. A delighted directress, freed from her worries, made each one glow with her extravagant praise of his work. Finally the cast dwindled off until Gladys and Jack had the dim stage to themselves. There was an awkward pause, then Glad smiled. The smile was returned by Jack whose voice growled through the dimness, "Heck, Glad! let's get this darn makeup off and go over to 'Joe's,' for some eats."

"Righto, Jack, let's," was the answer, and they did.

Dorothy Lamar '29



Essays and Specials



Doctor! Doctor!

(Apologies to Irvin Cobb and Will Rogers)

JOY reigned supreme in the heart of a certain doctor. News had arrived by means of some electrical contrivance that another lamb was ready for slaughter. The practitioner of medicine says to his colleague of the knife, "Hurray! Maybe we can get an operation out of this. I saw a dandy radio for only three hundred and fifty dollars this morning."

By the time he has reached the house his countenance is composed to the proper degree of professional solemnity. He takes a look at me, listens to me, thumps my back and grabs a wrist.

"Harumph! Pulse quick, rapid, and fast. Here, keep this under your tongue and your mouth closed." By placing the thermometer on the radiator he produces the required temperature.

"Hm! You're pretty bad off. (this in a cheerful tone) May have to operate for tonsils (I got him cornered there; they have been removed. I was going to keep quiet and fool him on the table but the family breaks in and spoils that). Well, your appendix is probably inflamed. Glass of water, please.—A spoonful of that and a pill every half hour. Be in tomorrow to see if it's necessary to operate. Good day!"

The next morning the exponent of professional dignity stalks into the room. After the regular preliminaries he says, "Any pain in your side?" My negative put him up a stump for a minute, but only for a minute. Sitting down on the bed to look at the inside of my neck, he drives an elbow into the place where they find appendices. The force of it kinked me up.

"Aha! you shouldn't try to fool me. I know you have a pain in your side (he was right). It will be necessary to operate. Tomorrow you should be in

condition to go to the hospital." He put it off hoping that in the meantime the left jab he gave me would have wrecked something. It certainly ought to have gone right through me as there was nothing to stop it because they were starving me slowly.

Another day rolls around together with the family friend (?) My temperature was normal because he couldn't get at the radiator and, Marvel of Marvels, the grand slam he gave me had not disconnected anything, (He ought to go in for heavyweight championship). There were tears in his eyes when he said I was showing signs of improvement. This led to a quarter of a square meal, which was only an excuse to run another barrel of medicine into me.

I had one more visit from the comforter of the sick. It nearly broke his heart, but he confessed that I was out of danger, and retired with good grace and everything else that he could get. A few days later found me well on the road to recovery. Everything was going fine. Then someone mentioned study. They don't think now I will ever be the same again.

Wilson Dunham

The Wearing of the Green

HUGE green bows, small bits of green ribbon, and, pinned to each collar, a shamrock—the true symbol of St. Patrick, the patron saint of the Emerald Isle. The true symbol? Yes, for was it not by this simple shamrock that St. Patrick taught the ignorant pagans the significance of the Trinity? Was it not by this simple trefoil that he pointed out that just as the three leaves grew from one stem, so were there three divine persons, one and the same, in the Trinity, Father, Son, and Holy Ghost?

It is an age-old belief that serpents are unable to exist on trefoil, and that it prevails against the sting of snakes and scorpions. This, considering St. Patrick's connection with expelling the snakes from Ireland, is rather remarkable. Before St. Patrick's time, however, the Irish folk had attributed mystical powers to the shamrock, and on hearing the explanation of the Trinity for the first time, they realized the peculiar circumstances surrounding their already sacred plant and the newly revealed doctrine.

Even today the Irish are renowned for their superstitious beliefs in fairies, banshees and other weird spirits. All true inhabitants of old Erin firmly believe the tales told of unseen hands, and it is a singular yard that cannot boast a wishing well or a magic tree. It is said that when he banished the toads and snakes from Ireland, St. Patrick chained a monster serpent in Lough Dilveen, which is situated between the counties Cork and Tipperary. Having commanded the serpent to stay there till Monday, the good saint departed. Every Monday morning the serpent cries out in Gaelic: "It is a very long Monday, Patrick." This outrageous fable is accepted as being true by all the lower class in that vicinity.

When St. Patrick's day dawns, bright and early, the simple country people attend Mass in family groups. The men of the family dress in their best—for there is no labor on St. Patrick's day—and the women and children are soon packed in a jaunting car, riding back to back, with their legs dangling freely. Each

man has a shamrock in his hat, and the women have one placed conspicuously on their dresses.

The service over, the family starts for the county fair. Here are sold balloons, whistles, tops, whips, in fact, everything to delight the hearts of the youngsters. For the men there are cricket and Rugby; for the women, displays of canned goods and wonderful linen and embroidery. In every county St. Patrick's day is celebrated in the same way, and it is on this day that all grievances are forgiven and forgotten.

Towards the end of the day, the groups must hurry to depart, for there is no telling what the "wee folk" might do after dark! As they set off in the queer little carts, across the moors and meadows come the rollicking strains:

"Oh! Paddy dear, and did you hear
The news that's going 'round?
The shamrock is by law forbid
To grow on Irish ground.
No more St. Patrick's day we'll hear,
His colors dare not be seen,
For there's a bloody law against
The wearing o' the green!"

M. Keegan

"Basketball Etiquette"

ARE you guilty of committing social errors? Do you know the proper thing to do and the correct time to do it? If not, read the following instructions and become at once the equal of Emily Post, Winona Wilcox, or what have you.

There are a number of rules which must be followed very strictly if you wish to conduct yourself properly at a basketball game.

In the first place, you must make yourself the worst possible nuisance. Arrive late. At least make your appearance after every square inch of room in the cheering section has been taken. The cheering section must, of course, be your destination. If you look very, very hard, you will nearly always perceive, in the third or fourth row up, a friend who has managed to preserve a half-inch of room.

Start climbing. But in your progress, do not, above all things, neglect to step on someone's face. (This is one of the strictest rules.) Fall into the half-inch of space, regardless of the fact that it is next to impossible.

Talk loudly, yell if necessary, because this is one of the surest ways to make everyone disgusted with you. While the game is on, jump up and down continually, waving your hands. During this process you will probably tap someone gently in the face, for which he or she will bestow upon you a sweet smile of thanks; or, if the person thus honored is not of the ordinary type, he may go so far as to glare at you. But don't mind that—four out of every five have it.

Next, discover an acquaintance who is sitting on the same bench as you, but farther down. Proceed immediately to instill murderous desire in the several persons who have the temerity to sit between you and the aforesaid friend.

It might be well to imagine that the head of the person in front of you is a musical instrument of some sort, or perhaps a punching bag. This will be especially successful if the person happens to be a young lady, who does not desire to have her chapeau disturbed. But then, if said maiden should, by any chance, make some cutting remark, calm down and stay quiet for perhaps sixty seconds.

If every student will follow these rules carefully, it is safe to say that he will become a success over night.

Margaret Hamilton

"Reflections in a Barber Shop"

A RATHER queer subject, I admit, for a young lady to write about, yet in these days of abbreviated tresses women frequent the barber shop quite as much as the men—much to the latter's disgust and dismay.

As I sat in a secluded corner of a certain barber shop one Friday afternoon, I looked around me and found much of interest to notice.

How clean and neat everything looked! the shining white tile floors, the highly polished mirrors, the barbers in their immaculate uniforms.

Seated in one corner, divested of collar and tie, were two prominent business men. All cares and worries forgotten, they were discussing a recent prize-fight with as much zest as two school boys.

Another group heatedly argued the coming presidential election. (Too bad some of Mr. Brierly's civics class weren't present!)

A well known doctor was having a manicure. How supple and strong his slender fingers looked. How many lives have depended on their capability! I watched, fascinated by the skill of the manicurist. Deftly and swiftly she filed each nail to a perfect shape.

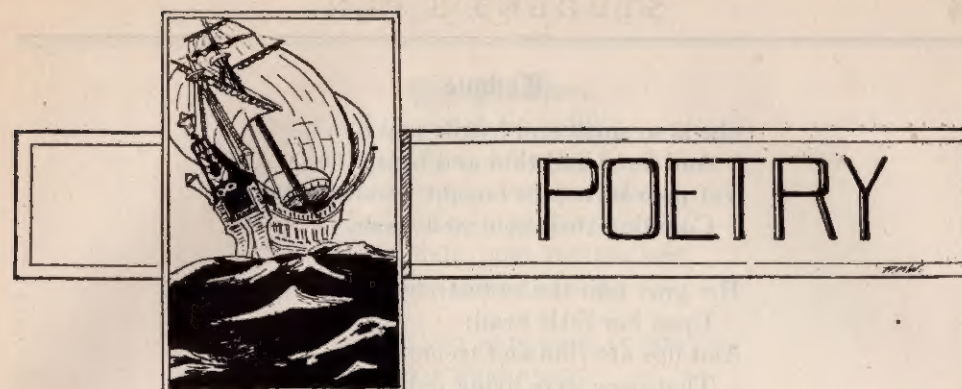
Suddenly, I was aroused from my musings by a loud cry. A small boy was having his hair cut. His adoring mother, aided by the patient barber endeavored to calm his fears. Their efforts were in vain. The young prodigy howled, kicked and squirmed, until finally, exhausted, he settled back in the chair, and the cutting process continued.

I then turned my attention to the barbers. They clipped and snipped, performing works of art with their scissors. In one chair a dainty flapper was having a chic boyish bob. Next to her a silvery-haired matron sat. Here and there, with but a red nose protruding through the steaming towels, a member of the stronger sex was undergoing the tortures of a facial. (Who said women were vain?)

How times have changed! I wondered what our great-grandfathers would say if they could come back and see their private realms overflowing with women of all ages. No longer could they sit to a quiet game of pinochle while awaiting their turn. Nor could they pick up *The Farmers' Weekly Review*; they would have to content themselves with *Vogue* or *The Woman's Home Companion*.

Yes, as I sat there reflecting, I wondered what would happen if our great-granddaddies should step out of the past. And I smiled when I thought what our great-grandmas would say. Probably, like Cicero, they would wail, "O tempora! O mores!"

Grace Mochrie



Sea Gull

O you who with such calm precision fly
Through the dim, silent reaches of the sky;
O you who wend so tortuous a way
O'er lonely waves, tempestuous and gray:

I would be one with you, alone and free,
Breasting the dusk in voiceless ecstasy.
I would have shining, pointed, steel-gray wings,
Strong and unfettered, for long wanderings.

Why do you taunt me so? Because your flight
Will ever stretch beyond my faltering sight.
Why do I love you so? Because I see
In you all things I would, but cannot be.

Helen Pfund

At Evening

Day is done, and the warm sun's afterglow
Is fading fast away. Across the sky
Pale tints, azure blue and gold so mellow,
Bid adieu to earth. Twilight is nigh.
Slowly, stealthily, the twilight now fades
Into the dusk. The bird's faint twitterings
Are heard. All is hushed as still night arrays
Herself in somber gray. O'er earth she flings
Her cloak of darkness. The night wind faintly,
Softly whispers through the trees and is gone.
Serenely the moon glides by the silvery
Stars so bright, and keeps watch 'till early dawn.

Night has come. Dark and dimly, coldly gray,
The silent earth awaits the dawn of day.

Dorothy Boutwell, Com'l

Tribute

She is so small and fragile now,
And lined and thin and bent;
Yet poor men once bought jewels for her,
Counting their gold well spent.

Her gray hair lies so lustreless
Upon her little head;
And lips are thin and tremulous
That once were living red.

Hands that have shaped kings' destinies
In a thin lap are crossed.
Yet young men toiled long years for her,
Counting their youth well lost.

Her eyes alone can testify
To what her charm has been.
They burn and burn, but will not tell
What things they may have seen.

There is no one of us who feels
Her unremembered lure.
And yet brave men have died for her,
Counting their lives too poor!

Helen Pfund

To A Broken Flower

Ah! Little flow'r but only yester' morn
Your lighted face you held up to the sky;
On graceful stem your delicate charm was borne.
And as the cooling winds breathed softly by
You made obeisance to the sun, your god.
You deeply drank of cool jeweled dew;
Then fed your hungry roots beneath the sod.
But now you're crushed and still, and bleeding too.
Your broken stem has now no fragile grace.
Who spurned thee, crushed thee, marred thy beauty? Who?
Drink of the glist'ning dew upon thy face
And live again! Or rise and nod: Adieu!

I plucked the wilting flower carefully.
It's crushed in pond'rous book, but tenderly.

C. Miller, Com'l '28

The Phantom

Deep in a corner of my heart,
Is a little place, all set apart,
I put you there one long past day,
And locked the door and went away
O'er hill and dale; and lost the key
While roving over land and sea.

And knowing you were there to stay,
Quite joyfully I went away;
Nor said the words I should have said,
And so you thought my love was dead.
Did you not know a love like mine
Lives all the time; thru rain and shine?

Russell Shaw

Rondeau

I dare not say my love is true.
I like your hair. Your eyes so blue
Could lure me on till I might say
Most anything and mean it. Pray
Will such brave compliments not do?

Your kiss is passionate, and few
Can boast of being sweet as you.
Yet will this charm forever stay?
I dare not say.

Just yesterday at fall of dew
I loved another; then did view
The loveliness of you. Today
I love you and tomorrow may.
And after that—will I be true?
I dare not say.

M. H. B.

February

Longfellow, Lowell, and Lindbergh,
Lincoln, and Washington, too,
Adorn my name with their deathless fame,
Each to his country true:
Poetry, skill, and courage high
Proclaim their right to glory.
Their names will live, and their deeds be told
Forever in song and story.

James A. McKenna, Com'l '29



Treasure Trobe

I AM sure that many book lovers will be interested in knowing that our school library has recently received a number of interesting and instructive books. There is at least one for every department and of such a varied nature that you cannot fail to find something that will satisfy you.

To our literary shelf has been added such fascinating and worth while tales as, "Indian Boyhood" by Charles A. Eastman, and such entertaining collections of essays as "Plum Pudding" by Christopher Morley. There is also for our poetry corner a delightful volume of poems entitled, "American Poems since 1900". And finally there are two books that should interest us all: "American Poets of To-day" by Howard Willard Cook, which makes us better acquainted with a few of our modern poets; and, "Some American Story Tellers," by Cooper, which introduces us to such interesting American novelists as Robert W. Chambers, Kate Douglas Wiggin, Booth Tarkington, O. Henry, Winston Churchill, Edith Wharton, and Gertrude Atherton.

For our mathematics students there have been added to the mathematic shelf at least eight volumes containing much valuable information on such subjects as plane surveying, Einstein's theory, and number concepts. These books that I have mentioned are only a few of the many treasure books obtainable in our school library. There are still many more on our biology, history, Spanish, and French shelves.

Why don't you go book hunting some day? All you need is a free period and a library slip. I am sure that the treasure of valuable information found will be worth your while.

Doris Waterman

"Rebellion"

Mateel Howe Farnham

NO author, it seems, could more fairly or clearly reveal the antagonism which exists between the rising and passing generations than does Mateel Howe Farnham in "Rebellion". This story, which won the \$10,000 *Pictorial Review* Prize, deals with the struggle of a girl against her father for the independence that is symbolic of modern youth.

Like so many parents, John Burrel has never advanced past the mid-Victorian era. He cannot and will not see life through the eyes of the present generation. His daughter, Jacqueline, motherless at the age of sixteen, keenly resents her father's dominating ways. Even their mutual sorrow at the death of wife and mother does not tend to unite the father and daughter. Indeed, they become more and more estranged, until it seems impossible for them to live together. Because the \$30,000 bequeathed her by her mother is hers only if she obeys her father implicitly until she is thirty, Jacqueline is powerless to revolt. Finally, in desperation, she decides to go to New York at any cost. She unexpectedly changes her mind, however, on meeting Kent Allen, a carpenter-architect. Needless to say, her growing friendship with this young man arouses her aristocratic father to fury. The mystery of her grandmother's youth, which is woven into the story, enables Jacqueline to triumph over her father, although she takes no pleasure in doing so.

Those who wholly agree with the older generation, and those whose sympathy lies with youth would indeed do well to read this fascinating story, which cannot help but broaden their views, be it in one way or the other.

Grace Mochrie

"The Glorious Adventure"

Richard Halliburton

WHEN I started to read "The Glorious Adventure" my hopes were high, for I had read the glamorous "Royal Road to Romance" which the same delightful author published in 1926. My greatest expectations were amply realized. I was soon lost to the commonplace world; I lived again in long-forgotten Greece and Troy, following with the author the trail of Ulysses as told in the "Odyssey".

Dick Halliburton, with a dauntless comrade, Roderic Crane, visits the oracle at Delphi, climbs Mt. Olympus, the seat of the gods, speaks with stone maidens on a moonlit night at the Acropolis, and runs the original Marathon with more or less humorous results. Here and there a spirit of youthful seriousness enters this impetuous tale. The author visits the grave of Rupert Brooke, England's wonder-poet, who is buried at Skyros, the loveliest spot on this side of Paradise. Daredevil Dick now braves the icy waters of the Hellespont, and swims some four miles across this river, romantic because of its ancient connections with true romance. Halliburton stops at Troy, and on returning to Athens he finds that ill luck has befallen him;—he must lose the faithful Roderic. However, by his magnetism, he soon finds an interesting substitute for his friend, and with this man, Leon by name, he again follows the route of Ulysses. Together, they visit

Lotus Land and the Cyclops' cave, climb Mt. Stromboli, and are entertained by a modern Circe, who is entirely unconscious of her charms and wiles.

After the "Circe incident", Leon and Dick part company, but the irrepressible young author claims other victims to his charming personality, and with a young English girl, he ascends Mts. Ætna and Vesuvius, and visits the Blue Grotto. Alone, he attempts to swim the evil straits between Scylla and Charybdis, but his strength is not equal to that of the current, and so he continues his journey in a boat. He arrives safely at Scylla, but, ingloriously, he spends the night in a jail. His next stop is at the island of Calypso, and then the land of the Phaeacians. Having spent but little time at these places, he sets out for his journey's end—Ithaca, that land immortalized by Homer. Here, at sunset, "The Glorious Adventure" draws to a close, a close which is in itself as charming as the whole story. Thruout this modern Odyssey are revealed such youthful gaiety and impulsiveness that one drops the book with a sigh of pardonable envy and an "Oh, how I wish I were he!" feeling.

M. Keegan

Failure

Failure—the awful word
Stares me in the face,
Jeers at me, mocks me,
Revels in my disgrace.

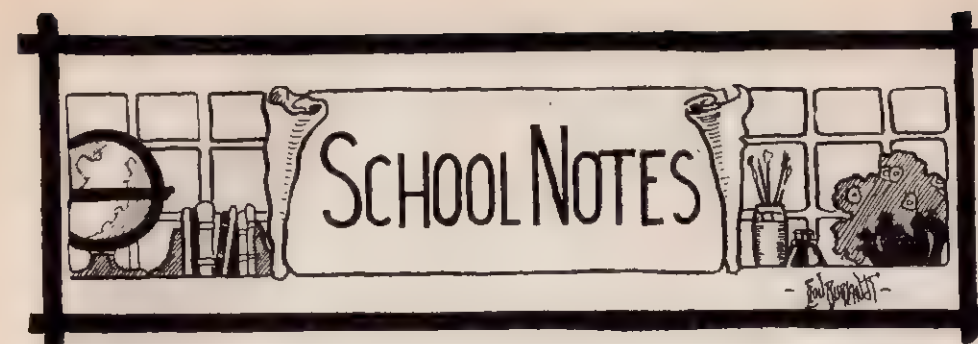
I hide my head in shame, despair,
But it avails me none,
The words keep ringing in my ears,
"You've lost, you've lost—not won!"

The crowds go gaily laughing by,
Do they, too, jeer at me?
I know not, care not, I am ashamed
To raise my head to see.

But, lo! a stream of sunshine
Lights up my dreary room.
It warms my soul, renews my strength,
It drives away the gloom.

Failure? I laugh aloud in scorn,
There is no defeat for me.
I'll rise again, take up my tasks,
Strive on—to Victory!

Grace Mochrie



Assemblies

Debating Club Assembly

On January 12th the Debating Club, under the leadership of Mr. Allen, gave an interesting program in the auditorium. The subject of the debate was: Resolved: That disarmament is better for the progress of the world than armament. The affirmative side was upheld by Raymond Sullivan, James McKenna, and Edwin McLaughlin, while the negative side was debated by T. DeFazio, John McClaren, and Joseph Hayes. Joseph Pelkey, the president of the club, acted as chairman and presided over the debate.

Raymond Sullivan, the first speaker, pointed out that armament does not insure peace, that wars must be abolished and can be by disarmament, and that armament means destruction for humanity. Sullivan's opponent, DeFazio, proved that disarmament is impossible and is more expensive than armament. The next to debate was James McKenna, who stated that armament entails great expenditures which might more profitably be used otherwise, and that armament caused our great aggressive wars. McKenna was followed by John McClaren, who stated that armament promotes and protects peace and that disarmament is not practicable. Edwin McLaughlin gave the rebuttal of the affirmative side, appealing strongly to the emotions by picturing the crosses "over there". After McLaughlin's speech came the rebuttal of the negative side in which Joseph Hayes expressed his wish to appeal to the common sense of his audience. The judges, Mr. Strout, Mr. Ford, and Mr. Knight were then allotted several minutes for their decision. Mr. Strout gave the decision of the judges, who credited the negative side two points and the affirmative one.

Margaret McClaren

Assembly

On the 17th of January, through the kindness of Mr. Besserer of the local Y. M. C. A., we were given the privilege of hearing Mr. H. W. Gibson of Boston. Mr. Strout introduced him as a "man who knows boys". The girls could not conceive the motive of inviting them to attend and joined rather weakly in the applause of the enthusiastic boys. It was not very long after Mr. Gibson's introduction that the girls realized that they were included in the address as well as the boys for the underlying meaning was for everyone.

Mr. Gibson's address contained much that was of especial interest to high school pupils. He told first of the importance of health and of the great handicap that broken health proves to be throughout life. Mr. Gibson next spoke to us of the spirit of obtaining knowledge and of the great value of a good character foundation. He gave us a very striking example of fine character foundation in his story of the life of David Putnam, one of the boys who died in France. The entire speech, however, can best be summed up by the following quotations: "Health is wealth", and "Knowledge is power."

When Mr. Gibson's address had terminated the auditorium fairly shook with the continued applause from both sides of the room, for this man, who had been introduced as "one who knows boys", had gained the deep admiration of the girls too.

Edith Volk

Musical Assembly

On January 19th, through the cooperation of the school orchestra and a special chorus, the music lovers of Pittsfield High were given a rare treat in the form of a musical assembly. The program was very well given and displayed a great deal of practice and careful preparation. A great deal of credit is due Mr. Charles Smith, who coached both the chorus and the orchestra. Jack Finn acted as announcer and gave the names of the various selections which were included in the program. The first number was an orchestra selection entitled "The Skater's Waltz". The next selection was the well-known "Italia Beloved", which was rendered by the orchestra and chorus combined. Following this selection were three solos: a violin solo by Mr. Simkin, a piano solo by Miss Klein, and another violin solo by Mr. Frumkin. Both Mr. Simkin and Mr. Frumkin were accompanied at the piano by Mr. Bullock and both lived up to their fine reputations as musicians. Miss Klein's selection was also very well rendered and was warmly applauded by the audience. The final number on the program, "Way Down South", was rendered by the chorus and the orchestra. The applause was so great that the chorus repeated this selection. The program was such a decided success that it is hoped that we shall have another similar assembly sometime in the near future.

V. Victoreen

Letter Assembly and Rally

On February 3d, after a long delay, our champion football team received their hard-earned letters. As the Adams basketball game was to be played the following evening, the assembly could not be complete without some cheering practice and a few speeches. John Donna acted as chairman, introducing the speakers. John Condron, the first speaker, lived up to his reputation and gave us a speech filled with humor and wit. Joseph Hayes, the next speaker needed no introduction as he is already well-known among the students of P. H. S. for his fine oratorical ability. George Beebe, the manager of the team, spoke next, urging us to attend the games and support the team, which is one of the best of many seasons.

As no rally would be complete without a word from the Coach, we next heard Coach Carmody who spoke to us on "School Spirit". His speech was of great interest to the students and certainly gave us some new views on "School Spirit."

Mr. Strout and Coach Carmody then awarded the letters to our champion team which has been victorious for three consecutive years. The following members were awarded their letters: Captain, Bill Pomeroy, Mike Foster, John Sullivan, "Red" Senger, John Donna, Charles Robinson, Fred Lummus, Gollan Root, Reynolds Root, Harlan Donnell, Bill Bedford, Dave Dellert, Jason Martin, Donald MacIntosh, "Flip" Bruno, Edwin Butler, George Bastow, Robert Wagner, Warren Shepardson, Samuel Levine, Leonard Culverhouse, James McCarthy, Joseph Horrigan, Philip O'Laughlin, and Manager Lipshitz.

A short time was then devoted to cheering practice led by DeFazio, Konrady, and Sloper.

V. Victoreen

Moving Pictures

A very interesting assembly under the auspices of the New England Telephone and Telegraph Company was held on February 16th. Mr. Strout introduced the speaker, Mr. George Cheney, who is an alumnus of P. H. S. After a short speech by Mr. Cheney, moving pictures showing how a telephone message was transmitted across the Atlantic and received in London, were flashed upon the screen. The pictures showed accurately the route by which the message was sent, going by way of New York City, Scotland, then to London, and returning via London, Scotland, Maine, and then to New York, where it is transmitted across the country to its destination.

After a brief interval, during which Mr. Cheney spoke, the construction of the telephone was pictured showing where each of the two-hundred and sixty-nine parts are placed. Again, after a short speech by Mr. Cheney, models of telephones beginning with Bell's first instrument to the 1926 model were shown. The concluding pictures illustrated the many uses of the telephone, in business matters, in social life, and in emergencies. The students were then invited to remain and view the pictures of the flood districts of Vermont.

Irene Lutz

Mass Meeting for St. Joseph's Game

On February 21st an attempt was made in the form of an assembly to arouse interest and school spirit for the first City Championship game with St. Joseph's High. Such a marked improvement was shown in the cheering practice that we feel sure that we can no longer be accused of lacking school spirit. Of course there were speakers too. John Donna acted as chairman and introduced the speakers in a very witty manner. We first heard Annie Redfern who urged the girls to attend the game and cheer for the team. Next came John Condron and then Betty Hulsman, who again urged the girls to support our team and school. We next heard from the manager of the team, George Beebe, and then the captain of the team, Mickey Foster. The remainder of the time was devoted to cheering

practice, which was led by Dave Dellert, George Bastow, and Renny Root, who had been appointed at a meeting of the Varsity Club the day previous to the rally. Already our cheering is showing such a marked improvement that we soon hope to be able to boast of a cheering squad as fine as our team.

V. Victoreen

Class Officers Central

Senior A—President, Joseph Hayes; Vice-President, Clayton Nesbit; Secretary, Pauline Hillberg; Treasurer, John McClaren; Advisor, Miss Morse.

Senior B—President, Wright Manvel; Vice-President, John Sullivan; Secretary, George Holderness; Treasurer, Helene Barton; Advisor, Mr. Allen.

Junior A—President, Wayne Roberts; Vice-President, Roger Nichols; Secretary, Joseph Abrahms; Treasurer, Granville Pruyne; Advisor, Miss Kaliher.

Junior B—President, Sidney Smith; Vice-President, Alfred Jenny; Secretary, Jane McCulloch; Treasurer, Nita Herbert; Advisor, Mr. Russell.

Commercial

Senior A—President, Michael Foster; Vice-President, Joseph Pelkey; Treasurer, Bertha Miner; Secretary, Evelyn McCumiskey; Class Advisor, Miss Alice E. Downs.

Junior A—President, Ida Kaplan; Vice-President, Sylvia Renwall; Treasurer, Tilly Schreck; Secretary, Emma Jones; Class Advisor, Miss Elsa Rieser.

Junior B—President, John Quirico; Vice-President, Margaret Tone; Secretary, Martin Pearson; Treasurer, Lena Samuels; Class Advisor, Mr. Dunn.

Initiative

The world bestows its big prizes, both in money and honors, for but one thing. And that is Initiative.

What is Initiative?

I'll tell you: It is doing the right thing without being told.

But next to doing the thing without being told is to do it when you are told once. That is to say, carry the Message to Garcia: those who can carry a message get high honors, but their pay is not always in proportion.

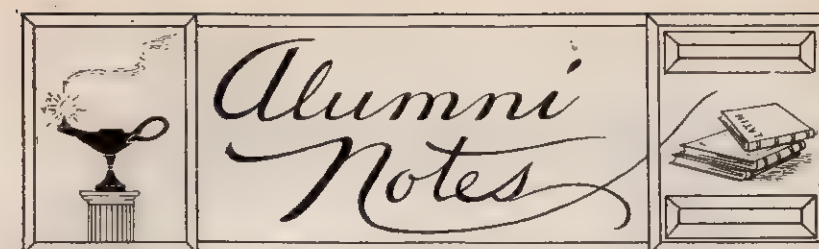
Next, there are those who never do a thing until they are told twice: such get no honors and small pay.

Next, there are those who do the right thing only when necessity kicks them from behind, and these get indifference instead of honors, and a pittance for pay. This kind spends most of its time polishing a bench with a hard-luck story.

Then, still lower down in the scale than this, we have the fellow who will not do the right thing even when someone goes along to show him how and stays to see that he does it: he is always out of a job, and receives the contempt he deserves, unless he happens to have a rich Pa, in which case Destiny patiently awaits around the corner with a stuffed club.

To which class do you belong?

Elbert Hubbard



Impressions of a College Freshman

"Life is very different,
So very different here,
College life is very queer.
Here I'm in a muddle;
My brain is in a fog.
It's a great big puddle
And I'm just a little frog."

Thus run some of the lines of a college song which entirely sums up the feelings of a college freshman. Contrary as it may seem to the suppositions of many, it is quite true that the difficulties that confront the college freshman are many and unimaginable. However, they may be quite easily traced to the gap between high school and college.

Being a freshman means becoming accustomed to new modes of living, new surroundings, a new faculty, new rules; choosing new friends and companions; adapting yourself to new methods of study; and ever struggling to remain on a level with your fellow classmates, if not to get a little ahead of them.

Like high school, college has its horrors, but to a greater degree. The weekly history quiz causes the freshman more worry than United States History could ever cause the senior. The English requirement of a theme for every assignment, for a whole semester, soon exhausts all the material that one brain could ever hold.

In spite of all that has been said, you continue to be human and so look forward with pleasure to any vacations that may be coming. Thanksgiving brings its mid-semester exams, which decide whether or not you should have a conference with the Dean. Christmas can hardly be anticipated with much pleasure by the freshman, for it means that his first mid-year exams are only a few weeks away.

The activities of clubs and societies, as well as of the different classes, offer sufficient entertainment to satisfy the ordinary college student. The contacts made in these clubs and classes are to be cherished for they will last for a life time.

With all its difficulties, joys, and disappointments, there is no place like college for changing one's narrow views on certain important subjects, for cultivating a desire for knowledge, and an appreciation of the beauty and glory of life, for training one in his chosen line of work, and for establishing friendships that will last a life time.

An Alumna '27

Dear *Student's Pen*:

Did you ever stop to realize what your name means, what it really stands for? During my stay at P. H. S. I often thought what a fine name our school magazine had, how well it sounded when spoken, and how nice it looked in print, but I never realized just exactly what it did signify or how much it meant until I left my high school days behind and started out on the Great Adventure. It has been my good fortune at least to read, if not possess, copies of the issues published since our graduation. While the students as a whole became excited when an issue was due to come out, and the members of the *Pen* Club were raised to the heights of ecstasy (yes, and relief, too) it is nothing compared to the real thrill which comes to one college freshman when the *Student's Pen* is brought in by the mailman. Homesickness is a common ailment in more or less serious forms, but the *Pen* is a ray of sunshine, a cure-all for the blues, an unexpected chat with old friends, and acquaintance with new. Familiar names and new names appear as the pages turn, and since each one has written something which is a product of his mind, it is not long before we are acquainted with at least one phase of the author's character.

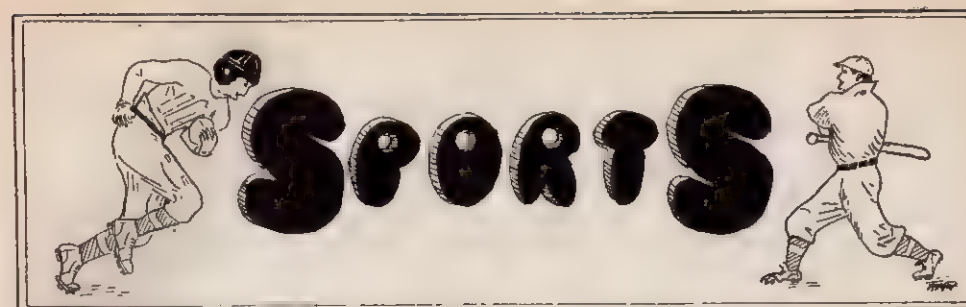
Life in college is so much like what I had always dreamed it would be, *must* be—and yet vastly different. Just a short time ago a few of us freshmen were invited by upperclassmen to come to their room for a "spread". The room was cozily arranged and lighted by several soft-shaded lamps; banners, signs, posters and pictures of all varieties hung on the walls. We all sat around on the floor on pillows, and as one girl was deftly arranging the tea things, another, who was taking a steaming dish from an electric stove, remarked that this was college life as it should be. It certainly seemed so at the time, but there are many more sides to it than that.

It has been our good luck to come in close contact with upper classmen who are leaders in athletics, so our natural inclinations are having full sway. The hockey season was one of the best; a freshman won the tennis tournament in spite of the fact that many here are holders of cups and titles of no mean value. Volley ball, though not in itself a game of first importance, has occupied many of our spare moments, but basketball is the topic now on every tongue. Open practice dates from Thanksgiving till the Christmas recess, and then joy of joys! the real season begins. Another hockey rink has just been finished and all the skating enthusiasts have enjoyed a splendid season.

But do we have any classes, and lessons to do? Isn't that what college is for primarily? Why, of course, but everyone knows that all the talk about college being "a four years' loaf" during recent years, is merely talk. It is perfectly true that students in high school do not know how to study. And it takes a long time as freshmen in college for them to learn the art. But one must not make the mistake of thinking college is for study alone. How can college fulfil its obligation of broadening one, making one more fit to go into the world, if the student refuses to give all college offers a fair deal? There are innumerable sides to college life, each offering its best, and by coming in contact with these, the student is truly educated, for education is not found in books alone, but in one's fellow men as well.

Very sincerely,

An Alumna '27



Pittsfield 33--Bay Path 28

Pittsfield High School basketball team journeyed to Springfield on January 31, where they defeated Bay Path Institute's fast team. Pittsfield led by a small margin throughout the contest. At half time the score was 16 to 12 in our favor, but Bay Path came on the floor in the second half with more confidence and gave Pittsfield a scare by coming within three points of our score in the last quarter. Here Pittsfield made a spurt and when the final whistle blew, we had a five point lead over the business school boys.

As individual players, Foster and Bruno showed up best for the victors, while Plifka was the high scorer for the losers.

Pittsfield 26--Adams 23

The Pittsfield team traveled to Adams February 3, and, knowing that a loss to that team would mean the elimination from the championship running, played its hardest game of the season and emerged the victors. The rally which was held for this game brought a large aggregation of Pittsfield rooters to Adams, and the excitement of both student bodies was intense throughout the contest.

Adams started off in a whirlwind fashion and led at the end of the first quarter 7 to 4. In the second quarter Pittsfield turned the tables and led at half time 13 to 9. The third period was close, but at the beginning of the last quarter, "Flip" Bruno ran wild and sank three double-counters in about as many minutes. With Pittsfield leading by ten points, and four minutes to go, Adams made a spurt and cut the lead down by hooping seven points.

Bruno was the high point getter, sinking six floor baskets—but, credit is due the entire team for the splendid game they put up. Grant starred for Adams with ten points.

Pittsfield 33--M. A. C. Two-Year Team 23

Pittsfield High School basketball team registered its seventh consecutive victory at Amherst, February 4, when it turned back the M. A. C. Two-Year Team by a margin of ten points. Because of the strenuous game at Adams the night before, Coach Carmody started his second team and this squad displayed its strength during the first quarter when it succeeded in holding the "Aggie" players to a 2 and 2 tie. In the second period the regulars entered the game and when the half ended Pittsfield was out in front by an 18 to 4 score.

During the remainder of the game, M. A. C.'s team did some excellent playing, but was unable to catch up with our fast team. Captain Foster displayed his ability both offensively and defensively and was the leading scorer of the game.

with a total of fourteen points. Londo Froio and Ed, Brown also played a good game, while Fleming and Olson did well for the losers.

Holyoke 57--Pittsfield 18

Pittsfield High School's basketball record of seven straight wins was decisively broken when the team bowed to the much faster Holyoke High team on the latter's huge court, 57 to 18. Never in the history of the high school has a Pittsfield team been so badly defeated, but this was due largely to the size of the playing floor. At no time was the score close, although at one time in the second quarter Holyoke was leading only 19 to 13. During practically the whole second half Pittsfield used substitutes and the score piled up in leaps and bounds for Holyoke. Markowski was the leading point getter for Holyoke making seventeen points, while Rafferty, their six-foot-seven center aided his teammates greatly. Bruno and Foster starred for Pittsfield.

Pittsfield 31--Searles 4

The Pittsfield High team, not daunted by their loss to Holyoke, started another winning streak at the Boys' Club on Saturday evening February 11 when it decisively outplayed Searles High and defeated that quintet by the overwhelming score of 31 to 4. Searles was able to register but one floor goal, during the entire contest, that being a long shot. P. H. S., on the other hand, passed the ball in a brilliant fashion and their defense was superb. Bruno was high scorer with nine points, while F. Froio followed a close second with eight.

Pittsfield 35--St. Joseph's of North Adams 10

On February 15 at the Drury High School gymnasium in North Adams the fast Pittsfield team easily defeated the St. Joseph's High team by the overwhelming score of 35 to 10. Pittsfield used many substitutes and "Flip" Bruno was again the shining light, getting 15 points before he left the game. Captain Foster and Eddie Brown each contributed eight points and showed up well in the defense. No man scored more than two points on the home team.

Pittsfield 24--Williamstown 14

On Friday night, February 17th, the Pittsfield High Team journeyed to the college town and after a slow start, defeated Williamstown High School 24 to 14. The game was closer than the score indicates for Pittsfield was leading only by one point early in the third quarter. However, the team braced and gradually drew away from their fighting opponents. "Freeno" Froio was the chief point getter hooping ten points while Bruno made seven. Martin and Foster worked well and two baskets made by Jason were long, clean, and worthy of mention. Walden featured for Williamstown.

Pittsfield 36--Williams of Stockbridge 10

Still stinging with the defeat felt in Stockbridge early in the season, Pittsfield evened matters up by trouncing Williams High 36 to 10 on February 18, their third win of the week. Coach Carmody started his second team, but their headway was so slow that with the score 2-2 at the beginning of the second quarter, he sent his first team in and they, putting up one of the finest exhibitions of passing

seen in the city this year, were out in front 19 to 6 at half time. From then on Pittsfield had everything its own way and before the game was over, many substitutes had entered. "Flip" Bruno was again the high scorer, netting fifteen points, while "Freeno" Froio was a close second with eleven. "Mickey" Foster and Jason Martin did not score heavily but figured prominently in the defense and passing. Foley and W. French did the best work for the losers.

The City Series—First Game

Pittsfield 22, St. Joseph's 13

Long before either team made its appearance on the Armory floor for the first game of the City Series on February 21, the hall was filled to its capacity by a crowd of about 2000 enthusiastic basketball fans. This crowd contained about seven hundred noise-making students and each student body made enough noise to raise the roof off an ordinary building, but the Armory was able to remain intact although it was under a considerable strain.

The student body on the east side of the hall, however, was the one to leave the game in a happy frame of mind for their team had defeated the hard fighting St. Joseph's team and was the first Berkshire County team to beat the parochial school five this year. The game was hotly contested during the first quarter, but during the second period Pittsfield High jumped ahead and was leading 15 to 3 at half time. St. Joseph's played their best during the third and fourth quarters and at one time had cut the lead to seven points, but when the final whistle blew our team led by nine points, which was a comfortable margin.

P. H. S. had no individual stars in this game, the team playing together and no player trying a spectacular shot with another man in a better position to shoot. The pass work was excellent and the defense so strong that St. Joe had great difficulty in trying to penetrate it. "Flip" Bruno was high scorer with eight points, while "Mike" Foster had six, and "Freeno" Froio five. Jason Martin secured three points and played a fine floor game and although Eddie Brown was scoreless, he figured prominently in many plays. Amuso and Roberts played best for St. Joseph's.

John Condon

Pittsfield 32--Dalton 15

At the Boys' Club on February 25, the Pittsfield High Team was given a hard fight during the first half of the game with Dalton High, but they managed to lose their opponents in the closing minutes of play and come through with their six straight wins, 32 to 15. Dalton was out in front most of the time during the first two periods and Pittsfield just barely managed to get through with a 14 to 12 lead at half time.

Dalton didn't score again until the fourth quarter, and Pittsfield by that time had rolled up 24 points. Bruno starred for P. H. S. with six double-counters for a total of twelve points. F. Froio was second with eleven, and Eddie Brown broke into the scoring column with nine points to his credit. Martin and Foster, though they went scoreless, took care of the Dalton forwards in a capable manner and kept them down with two points between them. "Mickey" Glendon starred for Dalton.

C. Tracy, Athletic Editor



BANG! Bang!!

"The court will please come to order", boomed forth the judge. The low rumble of talking ceased and quiet reigned throughout the court room. A new judge presided on the bench this day, and all eyes turned toward him as he arose to speak.

"Ladies, gentlemen and members of the court—It is with great pleasure that I take over my new duties as judge of this "Exchange" court. Our former judge, the Honorable George H. Beebe, has been appointed chief justice. During his term as "Exchange" judge, Mr. Beebe, has brought up the standard of this court so that it is surpassed by none in the country. It is my desire to continue the fine work of our former judge, and even to make some improvements. To aid me in this I have four very experienced and efficient attorneys, George Kenyon, Sumner Dixon, Samuel Geller, and Arnold Dallava. Since there are a great many cases to come before the court this morning we must begin at once.

District Attorney Kenyon, who is the first to be brought up for trial?"

"The *Roman of Rome*, Georgia, Your Honor", replied the district attorney as a magazine neatly dressed in brown was brought forward. "He is charged with having too short a literary department." Attorney Dixon, appearing for the defense, stated that the appearance of and material in the magazine were otherwise very good.

Next was brought up the case of *Murdock Murmurs* of Winchendon, Mass. charged with having one of its departments at the end of the advertisements. Attorney Geller brought out the fact that the magazine is printed by the students of the school and that it has a fine literary department.

The *Erasmian* of Brooklyn, New York, a newcomer in our "Exchange" court, took the stand next. District-attorney Kenyon charged that the poems appeared to be lost and should be placed in a separate department. But Lawyer Dallava held that the athletic and school notes departments were fine, and that the cover was attractive. *Erasmian*, come again.

The English High School *Record* of Boston was in court charged with having stories scattered throughout the magazine. Attorney Dixon stated that never has a magazine with better covers been in court. Verdict is favor of the defendant.

The *Cue* of Albany Academy was brought to court for having no poems. But Attorney Geller showed that the editorials, sports and alumni departments

were of such high standard, that only a decision for the defense could be pronounced.

Attorney Kenyon next charged the *Exponent* of Greenfield, Mass. with a like crime, no poems. But by his oratorical ability Attorney Dallava expressed the fact that all of the rest of the departments of the *Exponent* were fine. Thus the magazine was acquitted.

The *Noddler* of East Boston High School was found to contain no exchange department, but was dismissed with honors as the fine poems and stories counter-balanced this defect.

Although the court tried with great effort to convict the following, they were unable to do so:

The Scroll, Toledo, Ohio—You should be commended for the fine cuts and photographs in your issues this year. Your literary matter is also very good.

The Red and White, Rochester, N. H.—We commend you on your well-balanced magazine. All departments are well developed and a fine Literary section tops them off.

The Garnet and White, West Chester, Pa.—A fine magazine! Your departments are small but all have fine material. We think your cuts should be more numerous and larger.

The Holten, Danvers, Mass.—We like your literary and sports departments, but where are your poets?

The Greylock Echo, Adams, Mass.—For a literary magazine we like yours. The pictures in the January issue were fine.

The St. Joseph's Prep. Chronicle, Philadelphia, Pa.—A magazine with real good material. We enjoyed the Forum and hope it will live. Of course, some cuts and photographs would add much to your magazine.

The Nutshell, Moorestown, N. J.—The School Notes and Sports Departments are the outstanding features of your magazine. Why not have a few stories in your literary department?

We acknowledge the arrival of the following exchanges which, because of late arrival or lack of space, were unable to be reviewed in this issue:

The Weather Vane, Westfield, N. J.

The Orange Leaf, Orange, N. J.

The Apokeepsian, Poughkeepsie, N. Y.

The Jeffersonian, Rochester, N. Y.

The Blue Moon, Chelmsford, Mass.

The Tower, Cleveland, Ohio.

The Axis, North Adams Normal

Papers

The Pulse, Cedar Rapids, Iowa

Boston University News

The Meteor, Pocomoke, Md.

The Ink Well, Tampa, Fla.

The Vermont Cynic, University of Vermont

The Friendly Times, New York

The Commercial News, New Haven, Conn.

The Broadcaster, Morristown, N. J. *Kirkland Sloper*



Mr. Bulger: "I can read you like a book."

A. Hutchinson: "Well, you'd better skip some of the chapters."

* * * *

G. Bastow: "May I have this dance?"

B. Harris: "Surely, if you can find a partner."

* * * *

H. Barton (giving oral topic): "Soon after Abraham Lincoln and Mary Todd were married, the Civil war broke out."

* * * *

Mr. Goodwin: "I wish that the girls in the back of the room would stop their incessant coughing."

J. Curtis: "Switch to Old Golds; not a cough in a carload."

* * * *

In Mr. Herrick's geometry class—

Ano: "How many sides has a circle?"

Mr. Hill: "Two, the outside and the inside."

W. Henderson: "Yeah, and where does the circumference begin?"
(Officers Mulligan and Casey responded.)

* * * *

Manvel: "That fellow, Hayn, must have money."

Bill Schachte: "So must I. Introduce me to him."

* * * *

Louis Levinson says there's one good thing about having a wooden leg; you can keep your socks up with carpet tacks.

* * * *

Sam Duker says that if the students of P. H. S. would stop talking about things they are ignorant of, the silence would become unbearable.

* * * *

M. Sheran: "Are you letting your hair grow out?"

L. O'Donnell: "I don't see how I can stop it."

* * * *

Mr. Michelman: "What is an operetta?"

M. Harowitz: "Don't be dumb. It's a girl who works for the telephone company."

* * * *

Hank: "He didn't go to college."

Zeke: "How do you know?"

Hank: "He's reading 'College Humor'."

Miss Waite: "Did you ever read the 'Pickwick Papers'?"

W. Wright: "No, what do I care about what goes on in those hick towns?"

* * * *

Mr. Allan (in physics class): "Tomorrow you may start with lightning and go to thunder."

* * * *

Miss Kaliher: "Define the Middle Ages."

Treat: "They used to be thirty to forty-five; now they're fifty to seventy."

* * * *

A freshman is a small body entirely surrounded by upperclassmen.

* * * *

J. Coffey: "Pass your Latin exam?"

W. Nesbit: "Well, you see it was like this—"

J. Coffey: "Shake, neither did I."

* * * *

Bookseller: "This new book will do half your work for you."

R. Newman: "I'll take two."

* * * *

Bride: "These eggs are too small."

Grocer: "They're just fresh from Hinsdale."

Bride: "That's the trouble. Those farmers pick them before they are full grown."

* * * *

Miss Jordan: "I call my geometry class the Pullman class because it has three sleepers and an observation section."

Miss Conlon: "I call my Latin class the Pony Express."

* * * *

"I like your Gaul!" announced Caesar to the nearest inhabitants as he began his campaign.

* * * *

Currie: "What's an organizer?"

Welton: "The fellow that makes music in church."

* * * *

Wilts. Dunham: "Do you know 'The Moonlight Sonata'?"

Short Sam Wood: "The Moonlight Sonata?"

Wilts. Dunham: "Yes! The moonlight sonata very good to read by."

* * * *

There was a young freshman named Wigg

Whose ego was certainly big;

He jostled his way

Thru some seniors one day—

There *was* a young freshman named Wigg!

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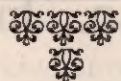
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* * * *

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Goofy: "No, granite."

* * * *

Joe College says: "There's no frats in the 'school of experience.'"

* * * *

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